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The Prodigy's Journey



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Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

Practice makes perfect, but it doesn't make new.

You're tired of working within the confines of the social ladder. Your head is sore from the pats and praise from generations of teachers praising your adaptivity, your gold stars, your mind. You feel kind of like Holden Caulfield as you pull the wool hat over your ears and pack your bag. You might be a child prodigy, but that shouldn't stop you from breaking a few rules, right?

And that's why today's the day that you're running away.

Chapter 2 by romantiCaveman



You don't have a plan and this exhilarates you. You're done with plans. From your earliest memory your waking hours have been scheduled meticulously, as advised by suited educators and experts in large leather chairs. Your dreams are less predictable, but they always seem to return to the same place before you're roused by your alarm to the grays of your room before dawn.

In this reminiscing you realize that do have an earlier memory

It's a color

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Chapter 3 by Spirit

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You know that although you may be a child prodigy, you'll end up like all of the other 'above average' students in the world. Either working a fair paying job for a massive corporation, taking your place as a lawyer, or maybe even owning your own corporation. However, you don't find any of those options appealing.

Sure, an average person might like to do those things, but they really didn't get it. They didn't see like you did, they couldn't see beyond the mirage of power, and wealth that is held at the focal point of society. They didn't see what you saw.

You saw the chains of long business hours sagging from the wrists of the wealthy. You saw the collar of public interest coiled around the necks of the powerful. You saw the gag of cliental interest wrapped between the jaws of lawyers and law-makers.

Frequently wondering why one would let themselves succumb to such a fate, you decided to run away. Not only from your family and reputation, but your future as well.

Chapter 4 by TeTe



As you left your gray present behind, you walked firmly to your colorful future.

Although your parents were more your keepers than a real family, loving, comforting and reassuring, you left them a letter.

You explained that you weren't kidnapped, you weren't entering any kind of extreme religion, and you were now leaving everything behind, including all the intelligence they have praised about to their friends since you were 3 years old and could already read, write and solve simple mathematical problems.

All you needed now was to decide on where to go. But as you stepped out on the sidewalk you decided to use what normal people called 'destiny' decide.

A couple of blocks down a bus stopped with bright orange letters written 'Paradise Valley'. And

so, destiny decided.

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Chapter 5 by Elrocanan

Have you've noticed that

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He can be very liberating when you think about it, no more close consideration, no more careful planning, analyzing angles or best options, you just go. You were very happy with your decision to let destiny decide.

Once the bus got to the stop, after a few minutes of waiting, you got into the bus with a smile on your face. The driver closed the door when the last passenger entered as you sat down on your blue seat with weird and asymmetrical colorful patterns. "Maybe that was a good sign" you thought as you scanned the interior of the bus with hopeful glee.

The bus started churning down the street and you started to think over and over about your first memory, the color. "It's very odd to have a color for a first memory, or is it?" You never thought about your past very much. Your parents and teachers stressed the importance of the future mostly. What you could achieve, what you would mean, what you would stand for, what would be your legacy. It makes sense that the color orange wouldn't mean much against all that.

"Welcome to Paradise Valley" read the sign at the side of the road. Time really goes fast when you are thinking. You looked out the window behind the sign as the sun came down, an array of hues of orange draped the sky. "Leaving was worth it" you thought to yourself. Destiny came through for you this time.

Chapter 6 by Nathan.N



Why did Destiny call you to come here for? You don't know yet but the street full of people was welcoming. It was their smile which was, but also that naive face they did when speaking.

Your presence was thin enough to not let anyone notice you here. Just another soul like in any other place.

Paradise Valley... it's while roaming in that city seemingly cut off of the rest of the world that you realised that not everything was done for. Old buildings were testimonies that no land companies set their eyes on that place yet.

Where to go now? A young couple directed you to an ancient hotel where you'd be "supported" by the owner's hospitality. You got "lost" and "tourist" around yourself by their reaction.

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An old wooden door illuminated by an oil lamp now stood in front of you and hesitation ran through that tiny body of yours. Today was full of twists and turns, more than any others things you did in the last full year.

That excitement, that's what you wanted.

That peaceful town... that's what you longed for.

"Will you stand all night long there?" A voice pulled you out of your reverie.

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8 (1 draft)

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